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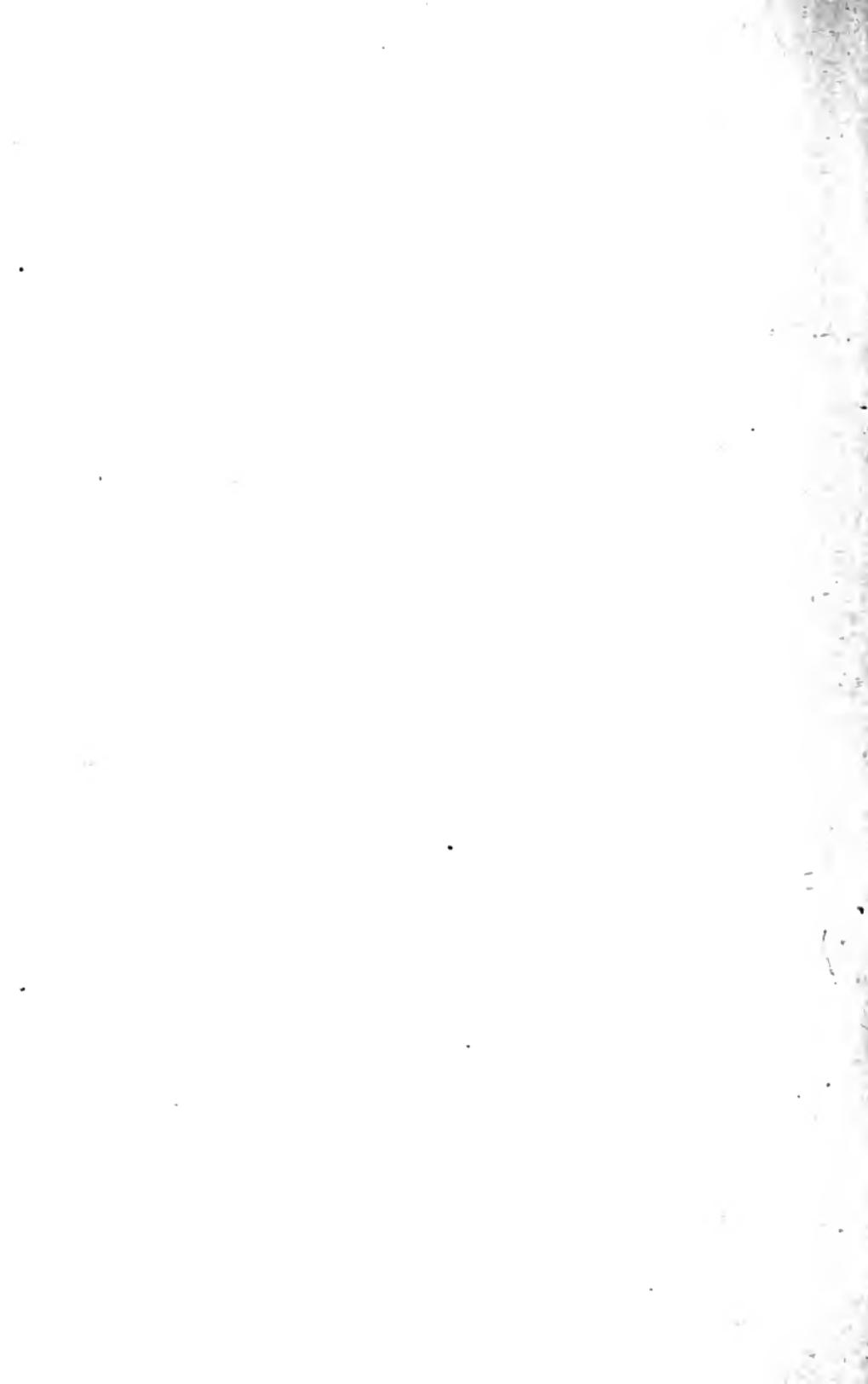
BÁIYÁT
OF OMAR
KHAYYÁM

Oy. the
forgetful
waters
they
FORGET
not. thee
O. Inis-
fail.

Alfred: G:
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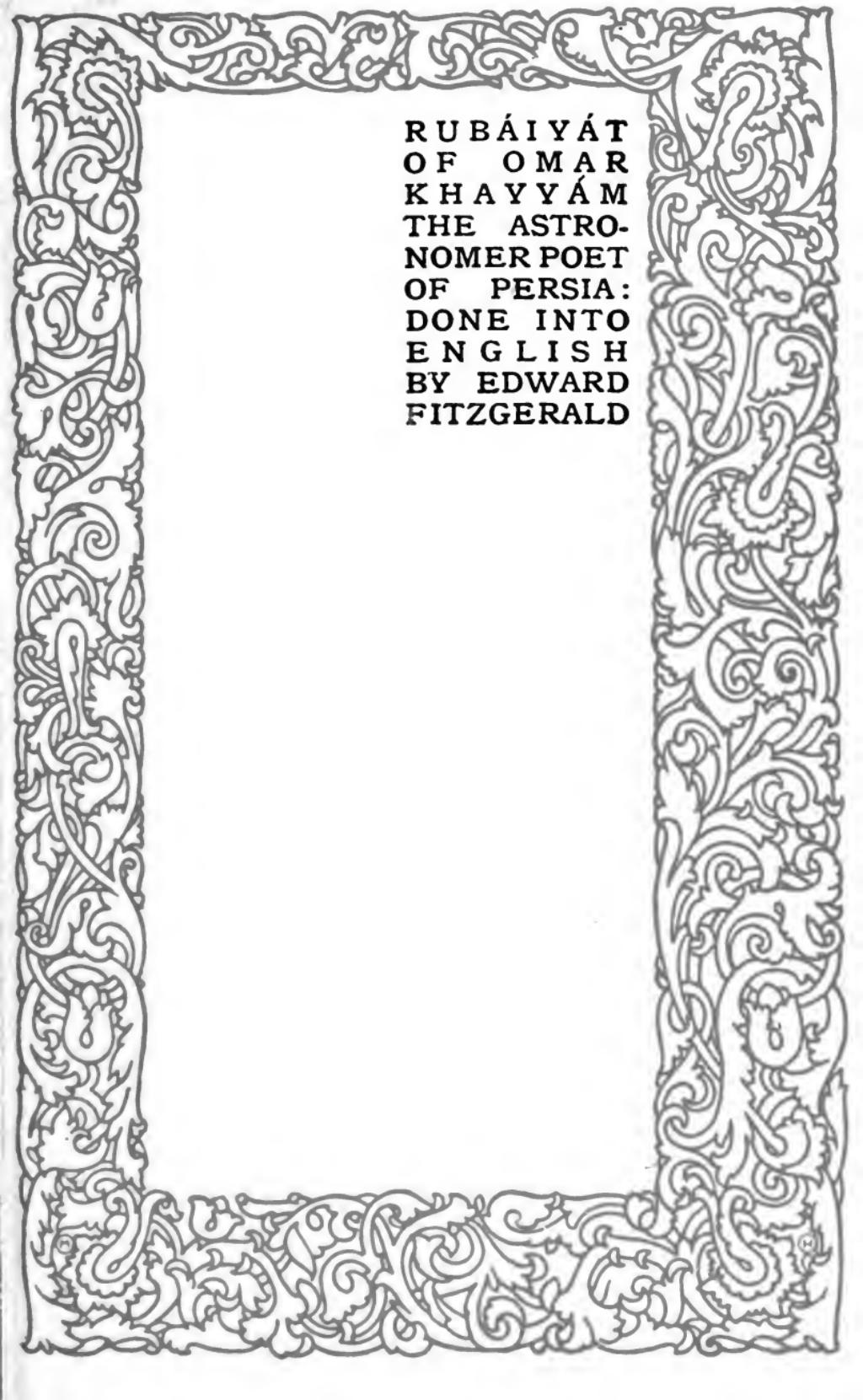






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RUBÁIYÁT
OF OMAR
KHAYYÁM
THE ASTRO-
NOMER POET
OF PERSIA:
DONE INTO
ENGLISH
BY EDWARD
FITZGERALD



RVBÁIYÁT OF:OMAR KHAYYÁM

**NEW YORK
SULLY AND KLEINTEICH**

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RVBÁIYÁT OF: OMAR KHAYYÁM



I

A WAKE! for Morning in the
Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts
the Stars to Flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the
East has caught
The Sultán's Turret in a Noose
of Light.

II

Dreaming when Dawn's Left
Hand was in the Sky
I heard a Voice within the
Tavern cry,
“Awake my Little ones, and
fill the Cup
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup
be dry.”

III

And, as the Cock crew, those
who stood before
The Tavern shouted — “Open
then the Door!
You know how little while we
have to stay,
And, once departed, may return
no more.”

IV

Now the New Year reviving old
Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude
retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF
MOSES on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the
Ground suspires.

V

Irám indeed is gone with all its
Rose,
And Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup
where no one knows;
But still the Vine her ancient
Ruby yields,
And still a Garden by the Water
blows.

VI

And David's Lips are lock't ; but
in divine
High-piping Pehlevi, with "Wine!
Wine! Wine !
Red Wine!"—the Nightingale
cries to the Rose
That yellow Cheek of her's t'
incarnadine.

VII

Come, fill the Cup, and in the
Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repent-
ance fling :
The Bird of Time has but a
little way
To fly—and Lo ! the Bird is on
the Wing.

VIII

And look—a thousand Blossoms
with the Day
Woke—and a thousand scatter'd
into Clay :
And this first Summer Month
that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaiko-
bád away.

IX

But come with old Khayyám and
leave the Lot
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú
forgot:
Let Rustum lay about him as
he will,
Or Hátim Tai cry Supper—heed
them not.

X

With me along some Strip of
Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from
the sown,
Where name of Slave and
Sultán scarce is known,
And pity Sultán Máhmúd on his
Throne.

XI

Here with a Loaf of Bread be-
neath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of
Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the
Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise
enow.

XII

"How sweet is mortal Sovrancy"
—think some:

Others—"How blest the Paradise
to come!"

Ah, take the Cash in hand and
waive the Rest;
Oh, the brave Music of a *distant*
Drum!

XIII

Look to the Rose that blows
about us—"Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the
World I blow:
At once the silken Tassel of
my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the
Garden throw."

XIV

The Worldly Hope men set their
Hearts upon
Turns Ashes — or it prospers;
and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's
dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two—
is gone.

XV

And those who husbanded the
Golden Grain,
And those who flung it to the
Winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth
are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug
up again.

XVI

Think, in this batter'd Caravan-
serai
Whose Doorways are alternate
Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with
his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and went
his way.

XVII

They say the Lion and the Lizard
keep
The Courts where Jamshyd
gloried and drank deep;
And Bahrám, that great Hunter
—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he
lies fast asleep.

XVIII

I sometimes think that never
blows so red
The Rose as where some buried
Cæsar bled ;
That every Hyacinth the Gar-
den wears
Dropt in its Lap from some once
lovely Head.

XIX

And this delightful Herb whose
tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on which
we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly ! for
who knows
From what once lovely Lip it
springs unseen !

XX

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the cup that
clears
TO-DAY of past Regrets and
future Fears—
To-morrow?—Why, To-morrow
I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n
Thousand Years.

XXI

Lo! some we loved, the loviest
and the best
That Time and Fate of all their
Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round
or two before,
And one by one crept silently to
Rest.

XXII

And we, that now make merry
in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses
in new Bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the
Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a
Couch—for whom?

XXIII

Ah, make the most of what we
yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust
descend;
Dust into Dust, and under
Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans
Singer, and—sans End!

XXIV

Alike for those who for TO-DAY
 prepare,
And those that after a TO-
 MORROW stare,
A Muezzín from the Tower of
 Darkness cries
“Fools! your Reward is neither
 Here nor There!”

XXV

Why, all the Saints and Sages
 who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly,
 are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth ;
 their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths
 are stopt with Dust.

XXVI

Oh, come with old Khayyám,
 and leave the Wise
To talk ; one thing is certain,
 that Life flies ;
One thing is certain, and the
 Rest is Lies ;
The Flower that once has blown
 for ever dies.

XXVII

Myself when young did eagerly
frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard
great Argument
About it and about: but ever-
more
Came out by the same Door as
in I went.

XXVIII

With them the Seed of Wisdom
did I sow,
And with my own hand labour'd
it to grow:
And this was all the Harvest
that I reap'd—
“I came like Water, and like
Wind I go.”

XXIX

Into this Universe, and *why* not
knowing,
Nor *whence*, like Water willy-
nilly flowing:
And out of it, as Wind along
the Waste,
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly
blowing.

XXX

What, without asking, hither
hurried *whence*?
And, without asking, *whither*
hurried hence!
Another and another Cup to
drown
The Memory of this Impertin-
ence!

XXXI

Up from Earth's Centre through
the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of
Saturn sate,
And many Knots unravel'd by
the Road;
But not the Knot of Human
Death and Fate.

XXXII

There was a Door to which I
found no Key:
There was a Veil past which I
could not see:
Some little Talk awhile of ME
and THEE
There seem'd—and then no more
of THEE and ME.

XXXIII

Then to the rolling Heav'n itself
I cried,
Asking, "What Lamp had
Destiny to guide
Her little Children stumbling
in the Dark?"
And—"A blind Understanding!"
Heav'n replied.

XXXIV

Then to this earthen Bowl did
I adjourn
My Lip the secret Well of Life
to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—
"While you live
Drink!—for once dead you never
shall return."

XXXV

I think the Vessel, that with
fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did
live,
And merry-make; and the cold
Lip I kiss'd
How many Kisses might it take
—and give!

XXXVI

For in the Market-place, one
Dusk of Day,
I watch'd the Potter thumping
his wet Clay:
And with its all obliterated
Tongue
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother,
gently, pray!"

XXXVII

Ah, fill the Cup:—what boots it
to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath
our Feet:
Unborn To-MORROW and dead
YESTERDAY,
Why fret about them if To-DAY
be sweet!

XXXVIII

One Moment in Annihilation's
Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life
to taste—
The Stars are setting and the
Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing
—Oh, make haste!

XXXIX

How long, how long, in definite
Pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and
dispute?
Better be merry with the fruit-
ful Grape
Than sadder after none, or bitter,
Fruit.

XL

You know, my Friends, how long
since in my House
For a new Marriage I did make
Carouse:
Divorced old barren Reason
from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the
Vine to Spouse.

XLI

For "IS" and "IS-NOT" though
with Rule and Line,
And "UP-AND-DOWN" *without*,
I could define,
I yet in all I only cared to
know,
Was never deep in anything
but—Wine.

XLII

And lately, by the Tavern Door
agape,
Came stealing through the Dusk
an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his
Shoulder; and
He bid me taste 'of it; and 'twas
—the Grape!

XLIII

The Grape that can with Logic
absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring
Sects confute:
The subtle Alchemist that in
a Trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold
transmute.

XLIV

The mighty Mahmúd, the vic-
torious Lord,
That all the misbelieving and
black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that
infest the Soul
Scatters and slays with his en-
chanted Sword.

XLV

But leave the Wise to wrangle,
and with me
The Quarrel of the Universe let
be :
And, in some corner of the
Hubbub coucht,
Make Game of that which makes
as much of Thee.

XLVI

For in and out, above, about,
below,
'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-
show,
Play'd in a Box whose Candle
is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom
Figures come and go.

XLVII

And if the Wine you drink, the
Lip you press,
End in the Nothing all Things
end in—Yes—
Then fancy while Thou art,
Thou art but what
Thou shalt be—Nothing—Thou
shalt not be less.

XLVIII

While the Rose blows along the
River Brink,
With old Khayyám the Ruby
Vintage drink:
And when the Angel with his
darker Draught
Draws up to Thee—take that,
and do not shrink.

XLIX

'Tis all a Chequer-board of
Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for
Pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves, and
mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the
Closet lays.

L

The Ball no Question makes of
Ayes and Noes,
But Right or Left as strikes the
Player goes;
And He that toss'd Thee down
into the Field,
He knows about it all—He knows
—HE knows!

LI

The Moving Finger writes ; and,
having writ,
Moves on : nor all thy Piety nor
Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel
half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a
Word of it.

LII

And that inverted Bowl we call
The Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop't we
live and die,
Lift not thy hands to *It* for
help—for *It*
Rolls impotently on as Thou
or I.

LIII

With Earth's first Clay They did
the last Man's knead,
And then of the Last Harvest
sow'd the Seed:
Yea, the first Morning of
Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckon-
ing shall read.

LIV

I tell Thee this—When, starting
from the Goal,
Over the shoulders of the flaming
Foal
Of Heav'n Parwin and Mush-
tara they flung,
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust
and Soul

LV

The Vine had struck a Fibre;
which about
If clings my Being—let the Súfi
flout;
Of my Base Metal may be filed
a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he
howls without.

LVI

And this I know: whether the
one True Light,
Kindle to Love, or Wrath con-
sume me quite,
One Glimpse of It within the
Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost
outright.

LVII

Oh, Thou, who did'st with Pitfall
and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander
in,
Thou wilt not with Predestina-
tion round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall
to Sin?

LVIII

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser
Earth didst make,
And who with Eden didst
devise the Snake;
For all the Sin wherewith the
Face of Man
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness
give—and take!



KÚZA—NÁMA

LIX

Listen again. One Evening at
the Close
Of Ramazán, ere the better
Moon arose,
In that old Potter's Shop I
stood alone
With the clay Population round
in Rows.

LX

And, strange to tell, among the
Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while
others not:
And suddenly one more im-
patient cried—
“Who *is* the Potter, pray, and
who the Pot?”

LXI

Then said another—“Surely not
in vain
My substance from the common
Earth was ta'en,
That He who subtly wrought
me into Shape
Should stamp me back to
common Earth again.”

LXII

Another said — “Why, ne'er a
peevish Boy,
Would break the Bowl from
which he drank in Joy;
Shall He that *made* the Vessel
in pure Love
And Fancy, in an after Rage
destroy!”

LXIII

None answer'd this; but after
Silence spake
A Vessel of a more ungainly
Make:
“They sneer at me for leaning
all awry;
What! did the Hand then of
the Potter shake?”

LXIV

Said one — “Folks of a surly
Tapster tell,
And daub his Visage with the
Smoke of Hell;
They talk of some strict Test-
ing of us—Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill
all be well.”

LXV

Then said another with a long
drawn Sigh,
“My Clay with long oblivion is
gone dry:
But, fill me with the old
familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by-
and-bye !”

LXVI

So while the Vessels one by one
were speaking,
One spied the little Crescent all
were seeking:
And then they jogg'd each
other, “Brother, Brother!
Hark to the Porter's Shoulder-
knot a-creaking !”

* * * * *

LXVII

Ah, with the Grape my fading
Life provide,
And wash my Body whence the
Life has died,
And in a Windingsheet of
Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet
Garden-side.

LXVIII

That ev'n my buried Ashes such
a Snare
Of Perfume shall fling up into
the Air,
As not a True Believer passing
by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

LXIX

Indeed the Idols I have loved
so long
Have done my Credit in Men's
Eye much wrong:
Have drown'd my Honour in
a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a
Song.

LXX

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft
before
I swore—but was I sober when
I swore?
And then and then came
Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence a-
pieces tore.

LXXI

And much as Wine has play'd
the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of
Honour—well,
I often wonder what the
Vintners buy
One half so precious as the
Goods they sell.

LXXII

Alas, that Spring should vanish
with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented
Manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the
Branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown
again, who knows!

LXXIII

Ah Love! could thou and I with
Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of
Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to
bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's
Desire

LXXIV

Ah, Moon of my Delight who
know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising
once again :
How oft hereafter rising shall
she look
Through this same Garden after
me—in vain !

LXXV

And when Thyselv with shining
Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd
on the Grass,
And in thy joyous Errand
reach the Spot
Where I made one—turn down
an empty Glass !

TAMÁM SHUD.





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Omar Khayyam
Rubaiyat, tr. by Fitzgerald. (n.d.)

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